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The Poetical Courant.

Saturday, June the 15th. *1706.*

A Deſcription of the Fair *Panthea.*

OH! Had I ſtill ſufficient to commend!
Kings wou'd Adore her, were ſhe truly pen'd,
Such Delicacies on her Form attend.
A precious Crown of Hair, by Nature fix'd,
Is Nicely with adjacent Beauties mix'd;
Thoſe brighter Glories of her Face, her Eyes,
Serenely Storm, inſenſibly Surprize,
And with diffuſive Glances Conquer as ſhe flies.
Her Aſpect does alternate Paſſions raiſe,
At once deſerving, and deſpiſing Praiſe.
But, Ah! What lovely downy Pillows riſe!
White as the milky Paſſage in the Skies;
And as that leads to Bliſsful Seats above,
So theſe are Avenues to Perfect Love.
All pure without; a fine Tranſparent Skin,
Diſcovers her Accompliſhments within;
There Judgment, with a Sprightly Fancy lies,
For She has Wit as piercing as her Eyes:
To each external Curious Part is join'd,
Some durable Endowment of the Mind.

A Triple PLEA. By *J. C.*

1.

LAW, Phyſick, and Divinity,
Were at a Jar, cou'd not agree,
Contending which of all the Three
Shou'd have Superiority.

2.

Law *Pleads that it preſerves Men's* Lands,
Chattels and Goods, from rav'nous Hands:
Therefore of right challengeth he,
The Grand Superiority.

3.

Phyſick *preſcribes Receipts for Health,*
Which all prefer before their Wealth:
Therefore, without diſpute, ſays he,
I'll have th' Superiority.

4

At that ſtept up the Prieſt *demure,*
That of Men's Souls takes Care and Cure,
Pray, Doctor Squirt, *give o'er, to me*
Belongs th' Superiority.

5.

Let Judges *judge this* Triple Plea,
The Lawyers *then ſhou'd bear the ſway:*
Let Empericks *their Verdict give,*
Phyſicians *moſt of all ſhou'd thrive.*

6.

Let B---- *but decide this Caſe,*
The Prieſts *wou'd have the higheſt Place,*
But let Good, Sober, Wiſe Men Judge,
Then all the Three away may trudge.

7.

For *let us live in* Peace *and* Love,
The Lawyer's *Tricks we need not prove:*
And let's forbear Exceſs, *and* Riot,
We need not live by Phyſick *Diet.*

8.

Let *all attend what G-d doth Teach,*
They need not Care how Parſons *Preach;*
But if Men Fools, *and* Knaves *will be,*
They muſt be Ridden *by all* Three.

On my Lord of *ABINGDON*'s being attended to *Oxford* by above Five hundred Gentlemen.

WHilſt to the Leavies *of the Great we run,*
And pray, like Indians, *to the riſing Sun;*
Neglect purſues the Courtier in Diſgrace,
And loſs of Friends *attends the loſs of* Place:

Ab'don

Ab'don *alone, above the Reach of* Fate,
More by his Vertue, *than his* Title, *Great,*
Claims more Reſpect *from being thus* Remov'd,
Riſes in Honour, *and is more* Belov'd:
Thus, Engliſh *Blood, though't Scorns Tyrannick* (*Sway*
Will to Superior Merit Homage *pay:*
And Ab'don *his due* Honour *ſtill receives,*
Whilſt what the Court *denies, the* Country *gives.*

On a Diſeas'd Old Man, who Wept at the Thought of Leaving the World.

1.

SHame on thy Beard! That thou canſt Bug- (bears *dread!*
Fear Death! *whom thou ſo oft haſt ſeen,*
So oft his Gueſt at Fun'rals been!
Thy Self i' th' better half *already Dead!*
'Tis ſtrange to ſee that Frozen *Head*
Such Plenteous Moiſture *ſhed:*
Whence can this Stream be fed?
The Tears were juſt, which at thy Birth did flow
For then, alas! Thou had'ſt t' engage
Life's Inconveniences, *but now*
Thou art allow'd to quit the Tragick Stage.
Now to be careful to prolong the Scene,
And act thy Miſeries o'er agen,
Is Folly *not to be forgiv'n in ev'n thy* doting Age!

2.

Full Fourſcore Years (bleſs us! a dreadful ſpace;)
The World has us'd Thee ill,
Abus'd thee to thy Face;
And, Dotard, *canſt thou ſtill*
Sollicit her Embrace?
In vain thou covet'ſt to enjoy
This haughty Dame, *when Age and Pains*
Have ſhrunk thy Nerves, and c ill'd thy Veins,
Who to thy Flouriſhing Years, *was ſo reſerv'd* (*and coy.*

3.

Can Cramps, Catarrhs, *and* Palſies *be*
Such delicious Company.
That thou ſhoud'ſt mourn the loſs of their Society?
What Pleaſures can the Grave *deprive*
Thy Senſes of? What Inconven'ence give,
Which thou'rt exempted from Alive?
At worſt thou canſt but have,
Cold Lodging in the Grave:
Nor ly'ſt thou warmer *now, tho' cover'd o'er*
With Fur, 'till thy faint Limbs can bear no more:
Thou ſleep'ſt each Night in ſo much Sear-cloth *bound,*
Thou'd'ſt need no more, were thou to take thy Lodg- (*ing under Ground.*

4.

Go, lay thy friv'lous Hopes of Health aſide,
No longer Potions *take*
No more Inciſions *make,*
Let thy dull Fleſh no more be ſcarify'd;
Reſign, reſign thy fated Breath,
Conſult with no Phyſician *more, but* Death:
When all thy Surgeons *Inſtruments prove vain,*
His never-failing Dart
Will bleed thee gently at the Heart,
And let out Life, *the Source of all thy* Pain.
Let then thy Funeral Pile *be made,*
With Roſemary *and* Cypreſs *grac'd,*
Aloft on it thy Carcaſs *plac'd;*
Beſide thee there thy Crutches *laid:*
Thoſe Utenſils *will thus oblige thee more,*
Fomenting *the kind* Flame, *than when they bore*
Thy Crazy and Decrepid Limbs before.

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